

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it 'first best' of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize! Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt in a recent lecture said of the great corporations: "Until they recognize the duties, responsibilities and opportunities offered them, they must not complain that they are regarded with distrust and as enemies, both by the public and the working classes, who see in them only grasping employers without a conscience."

If success in Communism depends largely, as Nordhoff affirms, "upon a feeling of the unbearableness of circumstances in which people find themselves," Communists have much reason at the present time to be satisfied with the outlook, especially in England; and if they were as eager for proselytes as the Mormons they would send their evangelists over the sea.

Germany has been the home of free thought and free speech for centuries: shall it now become the home of pure despotism? Is't that what the great Chancellor is trying to accomplish? The experiment of conforming the utterances of an elective body, like the German Reichstag, to the wishes of the sovereign power, has been repeatedly tried, but never with flattering success.

Besides the well-known Communities of Shakers, Rappites, Zoarites, Perfectionists, Inspirationists, Aurora-Bethelites, and Respirationists, in this country, there are one or more small Communities in each of the following States: Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas and California, not to mention the various coöperative enterprises, unitary homes, etc. Some of them, it is to be hoped, will prove permanently successful and grow into large proportions.

Harper's Magazine says that intemperance is a "perversion of a natural taste for social enjoyment;" and that in many cases the intemperate simply prefer the warm, cosy saloon to the desolate home; and it urges the adoption of positive measures in behalf of temperance. This is saying, in other words, that the temperance reformers, if they are wise, will set themselves to improving the conditions of the ordinary home as the best way of preventing intemperance. This is sound advice, and well carried out will surely lead to the Enlarged Home of Communism.

"All roads lead to Rome." Communism of some kind is evidently the great demand of hygiene as well as of social and political progress. A writer in the December *Popular Science Monthly* finds a fertile source of summer fevers in the aggravation of atmospheric heat by the calorific artifices of modern civilization, as superfluous clothing, heat-producing food, whitewashed houses, cities like bake-ovens, etc., and remarks: "In the first place we might curtail the number of our warm meals, or cook them on the coöperative plan in a separate building, where ten or twelve families could use a common stove and a joint-stock of fuel and certain groceries, and thus save our sitting-rooms and studies from the effects which even a basement-kitchen fire exerts on the domestic atmosphere."

An exchange says: "To judge by German official journals, Bismarck is endeavoring to palliate his rigor toward Socialism by improvements in the condition of the laboring classes. He is urging the creation of workingmen's cities on the plan of Mulhouse in Alsace, designed by Jean Dollfus, and at Hamburg a subscription of half a million marks has been raised toward a second city of that description. The national subscription of two and a-half millions, presented to the Emperor William as a testimonial of affection after the last attack upon his life, will be added to the fund. Great economy is effected in Mulhouse, and the mode of living is, at the same time, much superior to that of most laboring men. The large buildings contain cheap apartments on the French flat principle, and rigid rules are enforced with regard to their cleanliness and ventilation. A general system of warming and lighting is introduced, which greatly reduces the expense of heat and light to each family, and there are great kitchens where the inmates can either buy cooked food or take their provisions to be cooked. Libraries, reading-rooms and baths are also afforded at minimum prices."

The London *Times* does not take a gloomy view of the present condition of things in England, but says: "There is nothing in what we see that has not been witnessed before. Time after time our agriculture has suffered from a run of bad seasons; time after time there has been a crisis in cotton manufacturing, of which the present is by no means the worst; time after time the iron trade has passed

through a long period of low prices, and mines and works have been maintained at heavy losses. These evils, too, have been frequently in conjunction as they are now. All the while the real productiveness of the general industry of the country has been much less affected than might have been inferred from the enormous depression in one or two trades only." The *Times* may be partly correct in its view, but it does not lessen the present distress in England, which is admitted by all authorities to be very great. The Boston *Herald*, looking simply at the facts as they are reported, says: "The depression in business in Great Britain has thrown so many thousands of working men and women out of employment that there is great danger of many of them dying of starvation before the winter is over. Already the ordinary means of relieving the destitute, in the various parishes into which the kingdom is divided, are found inadequate to cope with the demands put upon them. The poor-houses are crowded to repletion, and those having the control of the relief funds have ten times more applicants than they can furnish subsistence to. The belief seems to be growing that some general and far-reaching plan of relief will have to be adopted within the next few weeks, if a terrible calamity is to be avoided."

"THE FALLEN LEAVES."

A NEW SOCIALISTIC NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The construction of an original and forcible plot for a novel grows more and more difficult as time passes, just as it is more and more difficult to take out a valuable patent, on account of the multiplicity of inventions which have gone before. When we consider the flood of love stories which has poured from the printing-press year after year, decade after decade, it really seems as if about all the possible intrigues, entanglements, obstructions, escapes, flirtations, deceptions, misunderstandings, villainies and heroisms incident to courtship as a prelude to monogamic marriage, must have been used, many of them over and over again. But these remarks apply only to attempts to delineate the workings of the passions of men and women in the old form of social life with which every one is familiar. It is evident that if a new form of society should be adopted, based on a different organization of the family, different methods of holding property, of courtship, marriage, and the raising of children, the wide-awake novelist would at once find a world of new resources open to him. His field of labor would be as fresh and untrodden as though no novel had ever been written. It is known that there have been many attempts to establish such new forms of society, and that some of them have every sign of being permanent and successful. The various Communities of this country are examples. But have these attempts become sufficiently well known to have attracted the attention of any of the great novelists? We shall see.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* has begun the publication, in weekly parts, of a new novel by Wilkie Collins, entitled "The Fallen Leaves." Only a few chapters have been issued, and it is yet too early for us to decide from their perusal whether or not it is to be a downright Communistic novel, and whether or not Mr. Wilkie Collins is the happy man who has first found and occupied the new field of romance which Communism offers. He has certainly been on the fence which separates the old worn-out pasture from the fresh meadows of Socialism; and the subsequent chapters of his story will show whether he has enough of the bold explorer in him to have jumped down on the new side. Mr. Collins was in this country in 1874, and made a short visit at the Wallingford Community, where he also procured photographic views of the Oneida Community. He may have visited other Communities; but his descriptions do not exactly represent any society with which we are acquainted. The illustrations of his new story are strongly suggestive of Shakerdom, but they are in that respect inconsistent with the text, which does not exclude love and marriage.

The story introduces a "young, slim, active, sunburnt man," on his way to Liverpool from New York in the steamship *Aquila*. An unlooked-for incident makes him acquainted with another passenger, Mr. Hethcote,

an English clergyman. The young man introduces himself to Mr. Hethcote in the following words:

"I am Claude Amelius Goldenheart. Aged twenty-one. Son, and only child of the late Claude Goldenheart, of Shedfield Heath, Buckinghamshire, England. I have been brought up by the Primitive Christian Socialists, at Tadmor Community, State of Illinois. I have inherited an income of five hundred a year. And I am now, with the approval of the Community, going to London to see life."

Hethcote is naturally interested in the young man. They sit together on deck while the other passengers go down to luncheon, Amelius remarking, "Among the people I have lived with we don't eat at intervals of three or four hours all day long."

"The Primitive Christian Socialists must have great confidence in their system of education," said Mr. Hethcote, "to turn you adrift in the world without a companion to look after you."

"You've hit it, sir," Amelius answered coolly. "They have unlimited confidence in their system of education. And I'm a proof of it."

Amelius then narrates how one of the Socialists converted his father and himself in England, before they went to America, and adds:

"He waited till we were in sight of the American land—and then he preached me a little sermon, on our arrival, entirely for my own use."

"A sermon?" Mr. Hethcote repeated. "Very little religion in it, I suspect."

"Very little indeed, sir," Amelius answered. "Only as much religion as there is in the New Testament. I was not quite old enough to understand him easily—so he wrote down his discourse on the fly-leaf of a story-book I had with me, and gave it to me to read when I was tired of the stories. Stories were scarce with me in those days; and, when I had exhausted my little stock, rather than read nothing I read my sermon—read it so often that I think I can remember every word of it now. 'My dear little boy, the Christian religion, as Christ taught it, has long ceased to be the religion of the Christian world. A selfish and cruel pretense is set up in its place. Your own father is one example of the truth of this saying of mine. He has fulfilled the first and foremost duty of a true Christian—the duty of forgiving an injury. For this, he stands disgraced in the estimation of all his friends. They have renounced and abandoned him. He forgives them all, and seeks peace and good company in the New World, among Christians like himself. You will not repent leaving home with him; you will be one of a loving family, and, when you are old enough, you will be free to decide for yourself what your future life shall be.' That was all I knew about the Socialists, when we reached Tadmor after our long journey."

In the conversation thus opened Amelius undertook to satisfy Hethcote's curiosity about the Tadmor Community. Hethcote remarked that Tadmor must be a "barren sort of a place."

"Barren? What can you be thinking of? A prettier place I never saw, and never expect to see again. A clear, winding river, running into a little blue lake. A broad hillside, all laid out in flower-gardens, and shaded by splendid trees. On the top of the hill, the buildings of the Community, some of brick, some of wood, so covered with creepers and so encircled with verandas that I can't tell you to this day what style of architecture they were built in. More trees behind the houses—and, on the other side of the hill, cornfields—nothing but cornfields rolling away and away in the great yellow plains, till they reached the golden sky and the setting sun, and were seen no more. That was our first view of Tadmor, when the stage-coach dropped us at the town."

Then Amelius jumped over a lapse of boyhood to a period when he understood the principles and Rules of the Community. And first he spoke of their religion:

"We find our Christianity in the spirit of the New Testament—not in the letter. We have three good reasons for objecting to pin our faith on the words alone, in that book. First, because we are not sure that the English translation is always to be depended on as accurate and honest. Secondly, because we know that (since the invention of printing) there is not a copy of the book in existence which is free from errors of the press, and that (before the invention of printing) those errors, in manuscript copies, must as a matter of course have been far more serious and far more numerous. Thirdly, because there is plain internal evidence (to say nothing of discoveries actually made in the present day) of interpolations and corruptions, introduced into the manuscript copies as they succeeded each other in ancient times. These drawbacks are of no importance, however, in our estimation. We find, in the spirit of the book, the most simple and most perfect system of religion and morality that humanity has ever received—and with that we are content. To reverence God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves—if we had only these two commandments to guide us, we should have enough. The whole collection of Doctrines (as they are called), we reject at once, without even stopping to discuss them. We apply to them the test suggested by Christ Himself; by their fruits ye shall know them. The fruits of Doctrines, in the past (to quote three instances only), have been the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War—and the fruits, in the present, are dissension, bigotry and opposition to useful reforms. Away with Doctrines! In the interests of Christianity, away with them! We are to love our enemies; we are to forgive injuries; we are to help the needy; we are to be pitiful and courteous,

slow to judge others, ashamed to exalt ourselves. That teaching doesn't lead to tortures, massacres, and wars; to envy, hatred and malice, and for that reason it stands revealed to us as the teaching that we can trust. There is our religion, sir, as we find it in the Rules of the Community."

The brethren at Tadmor were farmers, carpenters, weavers and printers, and what they earned went into a common fund. They held all their property in common.

By and by Amelius alluded to the "Rules which settle the questions of Love and Marriage."

"Aha!" said Mr. Hethcote, "we are coming to the difficulties of the Community at last."

Amelius replied:

"Our Community becomes a despotism, gentlemen, in dealing with love and marriage. For example, it positively prohibits any member afflicted with hereditary disease from marrying at all; and it reserves to itself, in the case of every proposed marriage among us, the right of permitting or forbidding it, in council. We can't even fall in love with each other, without being bound under penalties, to report it to the Elder Brother; who, in his turn communicates it to the monthly council; who, in their turn, decide whether the courtship may go on or not. That's not the worst of it, even yet! In some cases—where we haven't the slightest intention of falling in love with each other—the governing body takes the initiative. 'You two will do well to marry; we see it, if you don't. Just think of it, will you?' You may laugh; some of our happiest marriages have been made in that way. Our governors in council act on an established principle; here it is in a nutshell. The results of experience in the matter of marriage, all over the world, show that a really wise choice of a husband or a wife is an exception to the rule; and that husbands and wives in general would be happier together if their marriages were managed for them by competent advisers on either side. Laws laid down on such lines as these, and others equally strict, which I have not mentioned yet, were not put in force, Mr. Hethcote, as you suppose, without serious difficulties—difficulties which threatened the very existence of the Community. But that was before my time. When I grew up, I found the husbands and wives about me content to acknowledge that the Rules fulfilled the purpose with which they had been made—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It all looks very absurd, I dare say, from your point of view. But these queer regulations of ours answer the Christian test—by their fruits ye shall know them. Our married people don't live on separate sides of the house; our children are all healthy; wife-beating is unknown among us; and the practice in our divorce court wouldn't keep the most moderate lawyer on bread and cheese. Can you say as much for the success of the marriage laws in Europe? I leave you, gentlemen, to form your own opinions."

The chief of the Community was called the Elder Brother. One day a lady, Miss Mellicent, presented herself as an applicant for membership. The Elder Brother whispered to himself, "Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!" Amelius explains: "I knew what he meant. The people who have drawn blanks in the lottery of life—the people who have toiled hard after happiness, and have gathered nothing but disappointment and sorrow; the friendless and the lonely, the wounded and the lost—these are the people whom our good Elder Brother calls the Fallen Leaves. I like the saying myself; it's a tender way of speaking of our poor fellow-creatures who are down in the world."

This will do for a first installment. If "The Fallen Leaves" continues Socialistic we may refer to it again.

HOMES ON THE PRAIRIE.

The following complaint of a prairie-farmer is sensible and eloquent. Our thought on reading it is—What a pity that great, strong Communities, instead of little feeble families, do not occupy the prairies, with homes embracing in themselves schools, churches and all the blessings of social life!

"The recent ruling of the Land Department requires continuous residence on all claims except those taken for the cultivation of timber."

"The laws should be so amended as to allow the claimants of government lands, in all open prairie countries, to reside in villages or Communities of at least several families together, and so as to allow new settlers on the wide prairies to go, for a few months, each year, into winter quarters; thus relieving the pioneer from the useless toils, privations and sufferings inseparable from a winter residence far out on the unsettled plain, beyond the reach of all neighbors' sympathy and support; with nought around but the boundless, woodless, frozen tempest-swept seas of snow—an exile prison until the vernal suns bring relief; and meanwhile, should sickness and death come, Heaven only knows that prison's horrors."

"We must throw upon the situation more light, must show that the requirement is a needless cruelty, that no work can be done upon the ice-locked and 'blizzard' swept farms of Dakota while clutched in the omnipotent grasp of a semi-arctic winter."

"It must be known that whether we will or not, our bounteous soil must sleep through the long winter months in undisturbed and unapproachable silence, and gather from the stores beneath that abundant richness with which to awaken into life and vigor and wealth, those verdures that yellow into abounding harvest, gladden the heart of the husbandman and make this the greatest bread-producing region upon God's green earth."

Then while our common mother, wrapped in sheets of spotless purity, serenely sleeps in arms of winter, let him who in her waking hours is wont to nestle in her warm and generous bosom and draw from thence all that supports and blesses man—let him now withdraw, and leaving fields and ranch to God and winter, gather his loved ones, with flocks and herds, and retire to a place of school and church and social indoor life. The well-housed farmer, in regions where winter roads are best, with daughters all in society and sons in Yale, may laugh; and all who live on incomes and farm on bonds, and with scissiors cut two crops a year, and hold that those who till the soil should be but slaves, will sneer. Let them. We of the frontier must urge and work and plead, and men of soul and sense will hear, will see, approve.

"Let the fact appear that the burden of frontier-farming is the intolerable winter's isolation; that to send children a mile to school in winter, on these prairies, would in many cases be sending them to a terrible death; that there are times when a journey of half a mile is impossible for the strongest men, and that the conditions here are, and must for some time remain, such that schools cannot be maintained even within five miles of each other. So the settler's winter residence must remain a prison of enforced idleness, solely to carry out a mistaken requirement—the grain of cruelty accidentally dropped by the government into her bounteous cup of generosity."

"The almost six months of leisure that nature gives to the prairie farmer should and must be used as a season of mental and social culture, and made the most delightful and happy part of the year."

"NOT IN A FIT STATE OF MIND?"

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I see by the New York Herald's report of Dr. Rylance's sermon on Socialism, noticed in your issue of Jan. 2d, that his objection to the Communism of the Apostles is that they "were not in a fit state of mind" to act rationally in that matter. But why not in a fit state of mind? The record says, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost—" filled with the "Spirit of Truth" fresh from heaven, that Christ said was "to guide them into all truth." Are we to understand that the first effect of this Spirit was to lead them all astray?

But waiving this point, there is one fact bearing on this subject that is quite generally overlooked. The "state of mind" that seems to have been the most pronounced in the disciples on this occasion was the very thing for which Christ so earnestly prayed in his last prayer for them. A comparison of the prayer with the account in the Acts will perhaps make this more apparent. It should be remembered, however, that this prayer was the immediate sequel of his final interview with his disciples, in which he so emphatically promised the gift of the Spirit which now filled their hearts and the effect of which upon them was the occasion of their advance into Communism. As the prayer immediately followed the promise, so it will be seen that with the fulfillment of the promise came the answer to the prayer:

John 17: 20-23.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."

Acts 4: 31, 32.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. . . . And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common."

"That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in thee," is the language of Christ in his prayer; "And they were all of one heart and one soul" says the account in the Acts. Is not this oneness the very thing for which Christ prayed? And with such a state of heart and soul, how could it be otherwise than that "neither of them should say that ought of the things which he possessed was his own"? Indeed, it was but the complement of Christ's own words in this very prayer: "All mine are thine, and thine are mine."

This prayer of Christ is worthy of more attentive study than it generally receives. It was at the critical point of his life; just after his heart had been deeply moved by his parting interview with his disciples, and just as he was about to enter the temptation, the sorrow and the agony of the garden, the trial, and the cross. Then, if ever, we should expect the deepest earnestness of his heart to speak. It was no perfunctory prayer. And for what does he pray? His heart turns first to his Father, and then to the disciples he had just left, and he prays for unity, vital unity: that "they all may be one." "I in them," he says, "thou in me, and they in us." What is this but Communism? Not simply external Communism, but something far better—Com-

munism of heart and of life. And so deeply is his heart burdened with the thought, that in varied phrase he repeats it again and again: "That they may be made perfect in one;" concluding with this remarkable corollary: "that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Was this to be a fruitless prayer?

Whatever else may be thought of Christ, there can be no question that he was a Socialist—a radical Socialist. Not only the whole drift of his teachings, but his whole life, points directly to this conclusion. And when the spirit of the "Father and the Son" gets free course in the hearts of men, or in other phrase, when "the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven," we may be sure that Socialism, the most Communistic kind of Socialism, will be the result. Is the Christian world prepared and willing to welcome such a result? G. A. C.

ATLANTIC CABLE AND MATERIALIZATION.

BY ELDER F. W. EVANS.

The history of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is well written by H. M. Field. It is fiction outdone. Twelve years of constant toil and fifty sea voyages, many mishaps and some grand failures, that cost millions of dollars, finally crowned with practical success, is a history the young may study with profit, the aged with reverence and awe. Could any people but the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race have achieved this scientific, spiritualistic success?

John Bull, sure enough! The courage, tenacity, indomitable will-power and never-give-up sticktoitiveness of the bull-dog are fully brought out as a substratum for brother Jonathan's hopeful audacity, springing from his restless, active, inventive brain that is brimful of enterprise, where competition exists, or dollars can be made. But neither guessing, chance, nor happy accident could carry this project to triumphant issue—nothing but downright solid work, directed by mathematical certainty and conducted with astronomical precision. Learning and prayer might bring the wonderful undertaking to a successful issue. It was a union of science and religion that created the Atlantic Telegraph, even as materialization is a union of Religion and Science. The highest interests of humanity were involved in it. To commerce, a means of wealth; to the Church, peace and good-will between two nations of kindred blood and common origin; to the future, a prophecy of the world's Millennium. As such, I hail it! It is as near being spiritual as earthly things can approximate unto. The telegraphic communication between the inner and outer earth spheres preceded its advent on earth. The spirit world originated it.

To the unbelieving public in England and America, the Atlantic Cable was a butt of ridicule; to the hopeful and believing, a constant puzzling doubt. Success and glorification came, but not to stay. It was succeeded by disaster—the cable had gone down—was lost, and the project had gone up, incredulity again triumphed, and the Atlantic Cable was voted absurd—an utter impossibility. Anon, Phoenix-like, it revives, amid ardent hopes and high expectations, to be again buried, a thousand fathoms deep, in the bed of the stormy Atlantic. Could we have a better foreshadowing of the faith, labor, courage, rise and fall of hopes, often ending in shameful impostures and disheartening failures, that have attended the laying of a practical telegraphic cable—a means of intelligent communication—between this and the spirit world? We have had instruments, mediums, trance-speakers, visionists, impressional talkers, and last, but not least, materializing séances. Actual materialization has been affirmed at Moravia, Chittenden, Rochester, Vineland and many other places many years past. To the skeptics the Robert-Dale-Owen fizzle was a godsend. The whole press of America raised a shout of triumph of long-sought, much-desired victory. They had passed a long, wearisome struggle with the materializing mediums. Now, the end had come, and Spiritualism was put down—was stone dead. The Shakers alone held the fort, standing by themselves, in their shame, or their glory, as the event shall finally prove.

Then came a reaction, a renewed attempt to perfect, beyond a doubt. Action and reaction succeeded each other in rapid succession. An editor remarked, "Spiritualism, when put down, don't stay put down worth a cent." The Holmeses, Pickeringes, Eddys, Owens, were proved to be deceivers, or deceived, until the public fondly hoped, and with avidity believed, that they would be troubled with it no more forever. What proved very aggravating to the unbelievers was, that at each reaction it came back with an increase of spirit power and ocular demonstration that called for the most active,

renewed efforts of opposers, as no one knew whereunto the pestiferous thing would grow. Church and State were both in danger. To make a bad matter worse, the Shakers held a week of séances for the sole purpose of materialization, and it was entirely successful. During their séances, leading spirits reaffirmed what they had previously stated, that they would yet materialize speakers to large assemblies, in public halls, under Shaker auspices. This is what we have set out to accomplish, just as Field and his peers set out to lay a cable across the Atlantic that would positively convey messages from one continent to the other. They did make and lay a cable, again and again, but it would not talk with regularity. It intermitted without rendering a reason, or it broke and dropped down into the illimitable, unknown depths of the sea.

The cases are parallel—science, truly so called, brought to bear, at any point, could alone overcome the difficulty and insure final, perfect success. It is thus with the Spiritual Telegraph, with Spiritual materialization, when reduced to actual practice so that there can be no more doubt about it than there is now about the Atlantic Telegraph. What then will be the effect upon the sects in Babylon? Orthodoxy will be dead and buried beyond the sound of any resurrection trump. Babylon will have fallen, beyond a doubt. A new order of things will spring up—a new creation. God, heaven, hell, salvation and damnation, resurrection, probation—all theological terms—will undergo a revolution in definition and in the systems built upon them. This will be effected, not only by the fact of materialization, but by the communications that will come through the materialized forms. The practical outcome of it will be Christian Communism on a grand scale, changing and modifying all social relations and natural organizations.

AMONG THE CISTERCIANS

OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

[From the People's Friend.]

The region of Charnwood Forest is among the prettiest of the English midlands. In a country noted for its levels, it preserves some of the wildest and most breezy of hills. From its low-lying and not particularly exhilarating agricultural plains, it affords a resort of the most agreeable contrast. And though the "Forest" has long since disappeared—in book language for "disafforested"—and you may roam over large areas without a suspicion or a reminder of "lovely Charnwood," bits of genuine old forest can be found round a few of the ancient country-seats, or of more recent growth, on many hill-tops and hill-sides, and by the banks of streamlets and dingles lower down. To the cultivated and nature-loving inhabitants of a town so thickly peopled as Leicester, such a locality affords a breathing-place of the most welcome description.

But Charnwood has other claims on the traveler and the student in addition to those afforded by the striking character of its geological formation, the variety of its woodlands, or its well-preserved country-seats. Not twenty miles from Leicester, and less than three miles from the dark and smoky district dignified by the name of Coalville, a sort of miniature potteries, with perhaps a blend of Coatbridge and Middlesboro' can be found—for it requires finding—the pile of buildings known as Mount St. Bernard Abbey, with its fair complement of monks, and with the monastic rule of a Cistercian order in complete manifestation. For this is no ruin, but an actual "abbey," full of life and reality; no remains of an ancient foundation, but quite a recent erection, not fifty years having lapsed since the first brother of the order took formal possession of the then barren and uncultivated soil. What was and what is; how work tells on a most unpromising soil, and under highly unfavorable conditions, may be seen at Mount St. Bernard. Truly *orare et laborare* can accomplish marvels.

It must be noted that the name of the Abbey, "Mount St. Bernard," indicates no connection whatever with the better known Abbey of St. Bernard in the Alps, and which belongs to quite a different monastic order. The brethren whom we visited belonged to the Cistercian order, better known as Trappists, and they live under a rule in some respects more severe than that of any other order. There are several houses belonging to this order in France, including one at Metfray, several in Belgium, two in America, one in Africa, one in county Waterford, Ireland, and one near Rome. When we mention that, in addition to the recognized conditions of a monastic life—those of poverty, chastity, and obedience—the Cistercians add those of daily labor, silence, and abstinence, we indicate a life which must present to the ordinary citizen of the world features of anything but an attractive character.

For daily labor, indoor or outdoor, is the lot of all. The brethren possess 300 acres of land, 200 of which they cultivate themselves. About 100 acres are let off for the purposes of a reformatory, known as the Colony, which was opened in 1856, for the reclamation of youthful criminals, the children of parents of the Roman Catholic faith. The

brethren of the monastery cultivate their own wheat, fruits, and vegetables, make their own bread, have their own milk, butter, cheese, etc., attend to the management of twenty-two cows and eleven horses, and raise all they require for themselves and their poor all the year round. They are reputed as being among the best farmers in the district. Their butter goes to market, but most other produce appears to be raised to supply the wants of their house. The only hired laborers on the estate are a wagoner and a stableman.

At present the monastic body muster between fifty and sixty in all, which may be divided roughly into two unequal parts, the smaller comprising the choir brethren, or seniors—i. e., members in full order—and including the priests, or fathers, of whom there are eleven; and the other including the juniors, or brethren who have not yet been admitted into full brotherhood, and who rather preponderate in point of numbers. For we may properly mention here that no person can be received into the order except after a novitiate of from five to seven years, and then only if the existing chapter are so entirely satisfied of his future as to elect him by a ballot; and so severe is the rule that we are not surprised to find that only about one in every twenty who offer themselves succeed in combining the necessary fitness and perseverance to gain admission to the order, by taking the most solemn vow. Of course, at any period prior to this last step their stay is optional, and they can leave the abbey at any time. The abbot, or superior of the entire order, is at present resident at Mount St. Bernard. The dress of the order consists of a cloak, reaching below the knees, with hood, and shoes, not sandals. In the case of the choir, or full brethren, the dress is white.

We should not like to attempt a list of all the daily and special services, fasts, and observances, and the more properly religious life of the order. Of course, the services are frequent, and for the first they rise at 2 A. M. all the year round. In services and labors; in the chapel, the house, and the field; in the worship of God; and in the service of their order; their farm, or their poor; diversified only by their few meals, their daily readings and lectures, and the varieties of the ecclesiastical and the natural seasons which must be so welcome to their life, they are constantly occupied. Neither time nor opportunity for idleness is here; only for labor and prayer, for work and rest; for charity and the fear of God, in which the brethren live, and must live to make their life an endurable reality. That they have enough to do, with not only their farm and household affairs; the making of all their own clothing, bread, and the constant charity to the poor who claim this at their hands must be evident. For the rule of the order requires the hospitality to be extended to every poor person who seeks it, without distinction. As a matter of fact this duty is anything but a sinecure. We are informed that the number of poor persons who avail themselves of this provision reaches sometimes from 200 to 300 daily. A substantial plain meal of food of good quality is given to all. Even the resident poor from the outlying villages in times of distress have been glad to avail themselves of this bounty. The eight to nine hours' daily labor in the fields during the season are agreeably broken at intervals by other kinds of occupation; and labor, refreshment of body and mind appear to be regularly alternated.

We have referred to the rule of silence. This is an integral part of the discipline of the order, and pervades the whole life. It of course precludes conversation, its object being to secure the members from distractions, that nothing may disturb the habit of contemplation, which it is one of the purposes of the monastic life to cultivate. Of course the duties of their life render a certain amount of communication necessary, and this is provided for, while those who give instructions or carry on intercourse with the external world—as the superior, the guest-master, the porter, etc.—are obviously exempted. The daily reading during meals, evening lectures, and the frequent musical services, prevent their life from becoming in any way an absolutely silent one.

And now as to the practice of abstinence, or observance of what some may be pleased to call a perpetual fast. The brethren eat in the refectory only; they partake of neither meat, fish, butter nor eggs, all the year round. Fruits, farinacea, and vegetables of their own produce, with such additions as rice, tapioca, sago, milk and cheese, form their staple diet. No butter except at times of dispensation, while, of course, during illness in the infirmary they have whatever food their medical director may require. We have mentioned that they grow their own wheat, and they certainly make excellent bread, not what would be termed brown, nor yet quite of an orthodox white, but genuine, sweet and satisfying. They have some four or five acres of land laid out as orchards, with various fruit trees, besides good kitchen gardens. They drink water, milk, and beer, half a pint of the latter being allowed per day for dinner by the rule of the order, of their own brewing, though some prefer milk instead. The practice varies—one, two, or three meals a day. In summer (from Easter Sunday to the 14th Sept.), when most field work is done, all but the choir brethren take three meals daily; and during Lent, which is very prolonged, two only. The seniors or full members of the order take two meals daily; but during Lent one only.

On Sundays, throughout the year, Lent or not, all have two meals.

Now, what is the effect of such a regimen upon the life of the general body? At any rate they enjoy their food; they have excellent appetites; they consider their method of life rather one of self-control than of self-denial. They have peace; they are free from the diseases, moral and physical, which in the world spring from satiety and luxury; they enjoy generally good health, decidedly better in most cases than previously to joining the order, when living on the conventional diet, and they live long.

Only the week before our visit they had buried Brother Augustine, aged 89, the pioneer who, in 1835, had taken possession of the land in the name of the order before a stone of their present extensive buildings had been erected. Brother Peter still lives, aged 79; so does Father Andrew, aged 75, with five or six others between the ages of 60 and 70, and others of all ages down to the youngest recruit of 19. They appear both to live well and to live long.

How the order took its rise and shaped its chequered course, and made its mark on the history of Europe, of England, and of Christendom; how the brethren have labored day by day and year by year in the erection of the great range of buildings designed for them by the eminent Pugin, and covering several acres of ground; how they patiently cultivated, planted, and fostered their "land" until trees are crowning the once barren and naked heights, and fields are now where only rock was before; how they wisely take their noonday "siesta" (a sleep of an hour) just before dinner; how Charles Dickens visited them in 1844—these and other facts about the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard the reader must be content to imagine for himself.

But of one fact I beg his faithful remembrance. These monks—by a life of steady and persistent industry—have turned every acre; I might say almost every yard of the land given to them to useful and productive account. They have no wastes, even their barren land has become comparatively fertile by that most fertilizing of all agents—cultivation. They know little of fancy agriculture, but are well acquainted with the spade and the plow. The disafforested land again, in places, reminds one of the forest; gardens and fruit-trees have taken the place of empty pasture and drear moorland; while even the stony hill-tops are clothed with wood, and wear in their season the verdure and power of sunlit foliage and planted beauty.—R. Bailey Walker, F.R.S.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1879.

PUBLISHERS' CAVEAT.

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST will in the future, as in the past, publish all well-written accounts of new Communistic and Coöperative Societies which may be offered in good faith; but it should be clearly understood that its conductors disclaim all responsibility for the character or success of such Societies. They consider that they perform their duty, if they exclude schemes which are manifestly hair-brained or fraudulent, and continue to set forth, as opportunity offers, the principles which seem to them to lie at the foundation of successful Socialism.

A similar disclaimer of responsibility for advertisements is also hereby notified to all readers. We shall print only such as seem to us honest; and all we mean by that act is that it will be safe to read them: but when you come to business with the advertisers, you must act on your own responsibility.

MR. GEORGE D. HENCK, who is agent in Philadelphia for our publications, has changed his residence from No. 1204 Callowhill-st. to 446 York Avenue. His sales of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST and our other publications are very encouraging. He will receive and forward subscriptions or supply copies weekly.

MR. J. A. H. ELLIS says, in his "Open Letter to the Socialistic Union," published on another page: "It will be no more a necessity that all the inmates of this [unitary] home should have one religious belief than it is that the guests at a hotel, or the passengers in a railway car, or the workmen in a factory should." We can not conceive how this remark can be true except on the supposition that the relations between the members of a unitary home are as little binding as those of the hotel, railway car or factory, and that is supposing that the unitary home is really no home at all. Facts show that in the common home substantial unity of religious faith is essential to the most perfect harmony and happiness; the cases are rare, we venture to say, in which this unity is wanting and the harmony and happiness are not also wanting. We do not mean that agreement on all minor points of doctrine is a necessity, but that agreement concerning the essential principles of religion is indispensable. Religion is such a vital subject with most people—one around which center so much interest, aspiration, hope and fear, and absorb so much of their attention and life—that it is certainly difficult, we think impossible, to ignore it in any combination of human beings and still secure such conditions of common interest and mutual confidence as make a genuine home, whether small or large. The Fourierites and Owenites of thirty and forty years ago experimented considerably in this direction, and their experience ought to have some weight. Several of the builders of Communities and Phalanxes of that time had a theory in respect to the unimportance of religious unity very much like that set forth by Mr. Ellis, whose structures, after all, went to

pieces on the rocks of religious discord. For our part, we shall go on believing that Religion is essential to the Enlarged Home until the contrary is proved.

CHRISTIANITY AND COMMUNISM.

We claim for Communism that it is the fruit of Christianity, by which is meant that it is the outgrowth of the moral and social principles taught by Christ; and not only so, but putting it in another form, we claim that Communism is practical Christianity, that Christianity means Communism, and that we cannot really and fully have Christianity without Communism. And we give notice to all who profess Christianity, to all anti-communicistic and non-communicistic churches and sects calling themselves Christian, that so far as they are anti-communicistic or non-communicistic they will be found in the day of judgment to be anti-Christian, apostate and Pagan churches and sects; and that our work as Socialists and Communists is to convince them that they are such, and to convert them to the truths of "the apostles' doctrine and fellowship" (Gr. *koinonia*) which produced the shaking and overturning on the day of Pentecost, described in the 2d and 4th chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. Viewed from the stand-point of the New Testament, looking simply at the quality and spiritual efficacy of the truths there presented, the wonder is that any such work should be necessary. In reference to the identity of Communism and Christianity, we adopt the language in which Mr. W. R. Greg has expressed himself in the introduction to his work entitled, "The Creed of Christendom; its Foundations compared with its Superstructure," from which the following is extracted:

"I have but one word more to say; and that is an expression of unfeigned amazement—so strong as almost to throw into the shade every other sentiment, and increasing with every year of reflection and every renewed perusal of the genuine words and life of Jesus—that out of anything so simple, so beautiful, so just, so loving and so grand, could have grown up or been extracted anything so marvelously unlike as the current creeds of Christendom; that so turbid a torrent could have flowed from so pure a fountain, and yet persist in claiming that fountain as its source; that any combination of human passion, perversity and misconception could have reared such a superstructure upon such foundation."

Christ taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, inculcated love of the neighbor to go hand in hand with the love of self, bade men do unto others as they would that others should do unto them, preached the coming of a kingdom of God on earth, a new social fabric in which these principles of love and care should be illustrated by the banishment of want, disease, poverty, rags and wretchedness; and yet we have in the face of all this a state of society calling itself Christian civilization, in which the Napoleonic idea that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, is applied to the production and distribution of wealth and to other factors of the social problem, instead of the idea that God like a tender father is on the side of the poor, the weak and unfortunate, as Jesus taught; in which the sentiment of brotherhood or fraternity is weaker and less effective among men as Christians, for unity, than it was and is to-day with the Jews of whom Christ came (notwithstanding their rejection of Christ), and whose brotherhood he aimed to enlarge and extend to the human race; and in which the selfishness, monopoly, competition, wide separation and isolation of man from man, which mark Satanic domination, are prominent political and social features. Our controversy is not with religion or religious people; as Communists we magnify Christianity, and only war upon imposture, sham and pretension which cloak themselves under its name. J. W. T.

THE HAYES FAMILY.

George Alfred Townsend, in alluding to President Hayes's constitutional serenity, says, "He comes of a long-lived family—they don't fret." His mother (a Birchard) we know to have been a lady of rare self-possession and equability, and he owes as much of his temper to her side perhaps as to the other; but an item has just fallen under our eye about two of his aunts on the Hayes side which is apropos to Townsend's statement. The *Fremont (O.) Journal* mentions that one aunt, Mrs. Moody, living with a daughter in Columbus, lately "celebrated her 88th birthday by going to church;" and that another, Mrs. Bancroft, living with a son in Chesterfield, Mass., at the age of 85 "is very smart, a great reader and posted in all the news of the day." We may add that Mrs. Noyes, the oldest of this family, lived to be 86. The father and mother lived to be respectively 80 and 77. Though Mr. Hayes's father was one of eight children who all lived to be married and all have progeny except one, the President is the only descendant

who continues the name. Of three sons in the family of his grandfather, one had no children, another had only daughters, and the third, the father of the President, had only two sons, the oldest of whom was drowned when twelve years of age. With the name of Rutherford Mr. Hayes perpetuates the given name as well as the surname of father and grandfather; and having four sons and one named after himself, making a fourth Rutherford, he has secured undoubtedly an indefinite perpetuation of the Hayes if not the Rutherford Hayes line. R.

PSYCHOLOGY AND INVENTION.

Where do our Bright Ideas Originate?—What the Spirits say about Intuition—How Edison Invents—Are all great Artists Inspired?—etc.

Human beings are by nature rather sharply divided into two unequal classes with reference to their ability to produce new thoughts, make new inventions and discoveries, or develop bright ideas of any kind. The great mass of mankind have no such fruitfulness. They plod along through life knowing only what they are taught by their fellows, and never dream of leaving the beaten paths of customary routine in thought and action. The infusion of fresh knowledge, which is constantly pouring into the world, comes through a very small part of the population. In this smaller class are included all the great mechanical inventors, the brilliant authors and musical composers, the painters and sculptors who are something more than mere imitators and copyists; in short, all the original thinkers, inventors, discoverers, producers. Through these the masses are constantly fertilized and elevated in the scale of intelligence. Looking back over the history of the world it is really astonishing to note how few persons have been directly concerned in the development of any art, science, or mechanical industry. In mechanics, for example, we may credit the steam-engine to Watts; the successful locomotive to Stephenson; the steamboat to Robert Fulton; the telegraph to Wheatstone and Morse; the Atlantic cable to Watkins Brett and Cyrus W. Field; printing to Koster, Fust and Gutenberg; steam-plows to Calloway and Fowler; the sewing-machine to Elias Howe; the mowing and reaping machines to Hussey, McCormick, and half-a-dozen more; the telephone to Bell and Edison; the phonograph, duplex telegraphy, and many other marvels including, probably, a cheap electric light subdivided at will, to Edison. These inventions, connected at most with a few score of names, have revolutionized the world. In the same way literature from the earliest times, music, painting, sculpture, chemistry, and all the other arts and sciences, have each been developed, to speak loosely, by one or two men in a generation. The prominent names are too well-known to need repetition here.

Observing this great difference in men, it becomes at once a question of interest to determine wherein the favored few who are fertile in original knowledge differ from the duller masses. Is their superiority due to their possessing more and better brains, quicker perceptions, broader education, and greater originality in themselves? Or must we ascribe it to a higher development of their intuitive faculties, by means of which superior intelligences are able to impress upon them ideas and conceptions which they would not, in themselves, be capable of originating? Or shall we find that these persons exhibit a peculiar combination of both endowments, being at once strong thinkers and impressive, intuitive listeners with some interior sense not universally known?

With our present knowledge of the human mind and of the psychological influences which may act upon it, it will, of course, be impossible to decide these questions to the satisfaction of every one. Indeed, there is a very large class of persons who deny the psychologic influences altogether, believing in no superhuman or extraordinary intelligences; and these would at once answer our first question in the affirmative, and contemptuously ignore the others. But those more liberally inclined will find ready evidence of a character to justify a thorough examination of the subject. Without undertaking to demonstrate anything, one way or the other, or to dogmatize on the subject, we will present a few points which will suggest thought and may lead to new light.

Spiritualism is not yet sufficiently developed to warrant us in placing full faith in the utterances of mediums or in any form of so-called spirit communications; but where such utterances and communications are coherent and apparently genuine, it is proper to quote what they say on such a subject as we have in hand, leaving the reader to give their words what credit and weight he thinks they deserve. In the report of a Boston séance

published in the *Banner of Light* we find the following question and answer, which are exactly in line with our inquiry:

"Q.—What is intuition? And is it susceptible of cultivation?"

"A.—Intuition is the spirit speaking to you in the spiritual voice. We have many times explained to you that wherever there was the slightest gift, the exercise of that gift made it stronger. Intuition is simply listening to the voice of the angels; being impressed with the thought of spirits that have passed on before you—coming into the spiritual—dwelling with the spirits. You hear it said that a precocious child is very intuitive. He grasps knowledge, and you cannot tell how he gets hold of it. Ask him his reason for doing thus and so, he answers you simply, 'I cannot tell you, I do not know.' Within our own knowledge, in coming to earth, we have met with one who oftentimes goes beyond his years, oftentimes puzzles older individuals. Go to the child and say to him, 'Why did you do so? Where did you get those ideas?' He answers, 'I don't know; they came to me when I was asleep last night, and on waking they seemed so plain I have followed them out.' That is intuition. You may call it the voice of the great God, or the voice of the angels speaking to you. It is the soul-power, the principle of God that dwells within you called forth. The more you listen to it the stronger will it grow. It is susceptible of cultivation; it is capable of broadening and deepening for you the kingdom of thought."

Jumping at once from this spiritualistic testimony to that of a recognized scientist and apostle of exact thinking, we will quote a paragraph from a lecture on "The Scientific Study of Human Nature," by Edward L. Youmans, M. D., published in 1867, as follows:

"It is said of eminent poets, painters and musicians, that they are born, and not made; that is, their genius is an endowment of nature,—a gifted organism which spontaneously utters itself in high achievements, and they often present cases of remarkable automatism. When Mozart was asked how he set to work to compose a symphony he replied, 'If you once think how you are to do it, you will never write anything worth hearing; I write because I cannot help it.' Jean Paul remarks of the poet's work: 'The character must appear living before you, and you must hear it, not merely see it; it must, as takes place in dreams, dictate to you, not you to it. A poet who must reflect whether, in a given case, he will make his character say Yes, or No, to the devil with him!' An author may be as much astonished at the brilliancy of his unwilld inspirations as his most partial reader. 'That's splendid!' exclaimed Thackeray, as he struck the table in admiring surprise at the utterance of one of his characters in the story he was writing. Again, the mental actions which constitute reasoning have an undoubted spontaneous element, the office of volition being, as in the former cases, to rivet the attention to the subject of inquiry, while the gradual blending of the like in different ideas into general conceptions is the work of the involuntary faculties. You cannot will a logical conclusion, but only maintain steadily before the mind the problem to be solved. Sir Isaac Newton thus discloses the secret of his immortal discoveries: 'I keep the subject constantly before me, and wait till the first dawns open, by little and little, into a full light.'"

This state which Mr. Youmans calls automatism seems to approach pretty closely to what others would claim was a kind of mediumistic, intuitional condition. In fact, he himself, perhaps by a slip of the pen, uses the phrase "unwilld inspirations" when speaking of authors. Is it not rather difficult to conceive of a man sitting in a passive attitude and writing brilliant stories, or musical compositions by the involuntary action of his own faculties? Is it not easier and every way more reasonable, when once we believe in the existence and possible presence of invisible superior intelligences, to suppose that in such circumstances the authors and composers and inventors may be aided by them? The reader must judge of this point for himself.

In some respects Mr. Edison is the phenomenal inventor of our time. Struggling through the poverty and hardships of a life begun as a poor newsboy, he has mounted the ladder of fortune step by step, until now, at the age of thirty-two, he holds a position which few of his years have ever achieved. The writer recently sent him a note asking some questions in regard to the psychologic phase of his experience as an inventor, and received a frank and courteous reply, of which we will give our readers the benefit. The questions and answers were arranged in the following order:

"Question 1.—How do your bright inventive ideas come to you; with a flash, instantaneously, or do you gradually come to comprehend them?"

"Answer.—As a general thing, gradually. The knotty point or greatest obstacle of an invention sometimes comes instantaneously. When a certain device is wanted to complete an invention I sit down and think. At these times there passes through my mind a 'train' of devices—hundreds of them. Many are of no account. Occasionally one comes which I think may be good. These I put on paper. When I have a number I stop and examine them, eliminate the poorest, and set the men to work on the rest."

"Q. 2.—Do you notice any particular hour of the day or night at which such ideas, or inventions, or solutions of difficult problems, come to you most readily?"

"A.—At all times, under all circumstances; always, ex-

cepting when asleep. Sometimes while walking on Broadway with a friend, amid the din and confusion incident to that thoroughfare, I have had some of my best thoughts flash through my mind quite unbidden."

"Q. 3.—If so, at what hour of the day or night?"

"A.—As a rule, between midnight and morning. (By this I mean while I am at work during these hours.)"

"Q. 4.—Does your experience as an inventor suggest the probability that there are, in the unseen part of the universe, superior intelligences from whom such bright ideas are, in some manner not well understood, communicated to certain favored mortals?"

"A.—Have not given the matter much thought. Do not like to commit myself. I think perhaps the action of food to persons peculiarly constituted has not a little to do with it."

"Q. 5.—Or do you believe that your remarkable faculties for invention reside wholly within yourself, being the result of a peculiar formation of the brain?"

"A.—Yes."

"Q. 6.—Or have you always been too busy to give attention to these and kindred points?"

"A.—Do not consider myself competent or qualified to reply intelligently to the queries. Have given very little attention to the matter."

Mr. Edison has, it will be seen, two kinds of inventive experience; one, in which like Sir Isaac Newton, he sits down and puts his attention on a subject which then gradually unfolds before him; the other, in which some of his "best ideas" flash into his mind "quite unbidden," as he says, while his attention is on other things. This may be taken, perhaps, to indicate the combination of strong thinking and intuition which was one of the hypotheses with which we started. Mr. Edison very candidly admits that he has never given much attention or study to this line of thought, and he leaves us to draw our own conclusions from his answers.

Instances illustrating personal experience in which intuition seems to have been the door to knowledge might be collected in great numbers, but this article is already long enough, and we desire to make it suggestive rather than argumentative. As we have said, too little is known about the working of the human mind and of the influences which may affect it, for anyone to undertake at present a full and complete settlement of such a question as we are considering. The importance of studying it will be differently estimated by those who do and those who do not believe in the existence of beings in another sphere who are wiser than we are. The truth about it will be known by and by, and in the meantime those of us who believe in intuition and inspiration can be studying how to make them available in our search for knowledge.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—There has been no January thaw, and yet we have been having a January run of colds. The Turkish Bath knows no rest.

—The beautiful simplicity with which the hair of the late Princess Alice is arranged, as represented in a portrait printed in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, caused some one to remark that the women of the O. C. are not so absurdly out of style as might be supposed.

—We had been having some talk about combating disease, when Mr. N. said that although much good might often result from an attitude of resistance, yet he expected we should finally escape from all such evils by becoming so refined as to vanish from them—to pass through them without noticing them any more than spirits notice such material impediments as solid walls or bolted doors.

—Those of our women who have a taste for ornamental art have long held *The Household* in high esteem. The librarian says that the file of that journal is always in lively circulation. We noticed the other day in the room of one of its readers a very pretty result obtained from information found there. In her window hung grasses and a variety of leaves of house-plants which had been crystallized in a solution of alum. These crystallizations give to the leaves the appearance of being covered with tiny diamonds as they sparkle in the sunlight, and there seems to be a wide range to phylotaxy of this sort.

—Tobacco-smoke is such an unusual thing in our house that when a late guest filled our halls with the fumes of a cigar an amusing discussion ensued as to what we shall do at this time of year with visitors who will smoke. Where to put them was as knotty a problem as the settling of the currency question. Not in the reception-room, for the curtains tell tales for many a day. In the boiler-room? No, for thence the odor would be conveyed to every crack and cranny of the building. The agricultural office was suggested, though that is somewhat far away. The empty piano-cottage,

another thought, might be transported to some handy spot and converted into a smoking retreat. We discovered, also, that there is not a spittoon in the house. Decidedly, we must stretch our hospitality.

—"Cheap entertainment" is one of our Community idiosyncrasies, and we have had some of our heartiest laughs at capital hits in that line. We like to see how much amusement can be extracted from the least amount of rehearsing and stage-work. The other day, when the *Tribune* brought an account of a young girl who was afflicted with a spasmodic movement of the jaws after having been for some time addicted to the modern practice of gum-chewing, our stage-manager caught at the story as an excellent theme for furnishing entertainment, and at the same time pointing a trenchant moral. That evening three actors, ready at off-hand performance, kept our risibles in a state of emotional excitement for half-an-hour. The scene between the quaint mamma with her high-toned notions respecting vulgarity and refinement, the daughter, whose lively maxillaries spasmodically ruminated after the inevitable "one-cent" had been discarded, and the fussy old doctor at his wits' end for a remedy, was inexpressibly funny.

UNION VILLAGE, O.

—The expenses the past year of our Center Family, numbering eighty persons, were \$13,096.09, or \$163.70 per person. This sum was incurred for household expenses, food, clothing, etc., and not a dollar went into the pockets of the lawyers! We would like to have this class toil at hard labor for a living, as we do. W. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mount Lebanon, Jan. 13, 1879.

I happen to have the honor of personal acquaintance with the editor of the *Yates County Chronicle*, who has so highly commended the *SOCIALIST*. It has been graciously vouchsafed unto him to be guilty of the unpardonable sin of being in advance of the age—above the level of common, unprogressed humanity. All other sins may be forgiven unto the sons and daughters of men—this never. His comments upon the *SOCIALIST* are the echo of enlightened public sentiment.

The first Christian Communism was a paternity; the second, a maternity; the third, a fraternity. No Procrustean bed—no dictum—no *ipse dixit*—"Soul Loves" lifting them above *meum et tuum*; like kindred drops, they mingle into one.

Respectfully, OLIVER PRENTISS.

Rockwood, Mich., Jan. 9, 1879.

I was truly delighted to receive No. 1 of Vol. 4. I have read and re-read it with a double delight. How I would like to go to that beautiful home that is pictured on the first page; it must be a happy people that live there.

Please accept my thanks and continue to send the *SOCIALIST* to my address. E. M. L.

Lunenburg, Mass., Jan. 5, 1879.

F. WAYLAND-SMITH:—

Dear Sir:—I have been in the receipt of your very valuable paper, the *AMERICAN SOCIALIST*, for the last two years, all through the suggestive kindness of some unknown friend.

The *SOCIALIST* has advanced many valuable truths that are yet to become popular. Union and progress is the law of humanity, and I cherish a love for the torch-bearers that show us the night and also the morning. I have for forty-five years preserved the name of "Advocate of the Rights of Labor," and you will readily perceive with what gusto I have read the many well-written articles on labor that have appeared in the *SOCIALIST*. Communism is, doubtless, the only Christian basis of social organization recognized in the New Testament. Whether mankind have not yet reached, or have outlived, the fraternal order of Jesus, I leave to be decided by younger heads than mine. But certainly there will be work for willing hearts and busy hands to do for long years to come. The last half century has wrought wonders, not in the heavens above, but in the earth beneath the heavens. Men and women are bravely devoting themselves to the service of humanity, and benedictions be upon their heads who do and dare the most. A. H. W.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

DEAR SOCIALIST:—In the number of Dec. 19 there is, in an article on "spirit control," an account of Mrs. Gerrit Smith's "spirit picture." Mrs. Smith showed this picture to me a short time after she had received it, and knowing that I was a photographer as well as a Spiritualist, she kindly allowed me to examine it carefully. I did so, and discovered that it was an unmis-

takable forgery. Permit me to indicate to you one or two of the reasons compelling this opinion. The head of the spirit child was three or four times the size of Mrs. Smith's own image. If the spirit had been near enough to the camera to be distinctly produced that size, the terrestrial "sitter" would have been out of the focus, and of course would have been seen on the picture merely as an indistinct blur. Again: if a daguerreotype, photograph or ambrotype is copied by any sun-process, an expert can tell what the original was by looking at the copy. The original portrait of the child in this picture was a photograph from an "over-developed negative." The figure on the opposite side (two spirits were represented) was copied from an old daguerreotype, the streaks and stains in the original being faithfully represented. There were many other points, but I need only mention, as the crowning absurdity, that the light and shade differed on each head. The light was front to illumine the living figure; it came from the right on to the child's face, and from the left to brighten the countenance of the pendant portrait. Three different lights in one picture is a remarkable phenomenon, only equaled by the pipe-smoker, in Hogarth's perspective lesson, who receives a light from a girl in a window about a mile away from him. From a careful review of the rationale of photography, I believe that spirit pictures are impossible through its aid unless the spirit can be materialized sufficiently to produce light and shade in the face and figure. Photography, in any form, depends on the positive chemical changes produced by light, and also by the negative or non-chemical effect of darkness. Only light and its gradations into shade will affect the sensitive excipient, and light and shade imply a material or palpable object to create them broadside.

Woodside, N. Y.

THOMAS T. WATTS.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SOCIALISTIC UNION.

Gunston, Va., Jan. 13, 1879.

Some weeks since one of the lists of the Socialistic Union came into my hands; and with a view to ascertain how much material it contained that would be useful in building up a unitary home on any plan that came nearest to the views of the majority of its members, I addressed a note to all of them with whom I was not previously acquainted, inquiring as to their religious views, their ability to take an active part in a movement to establish a Coöperative or Communistic home, and whether they could furnish any of the means required for this purpose; and promised them in the note to report the result through the SOCIALIST. I little knew at the time the task I had set for myself, else I should not have begun it.

The variety of views is very large, the prospect of harmony very small. I have received replies from about fifty members. Their religious views may be classified as follows: There are seventeen Liberalists of all shades, five Spiritualists, three Bible Communists, two Congregationalists, and one each Methodist, Adventist, Infidel, Deist and Materialist. Fifteen do not say anything about religion in their reply, and I conclude that they have no particular creed. Four of them are church-members; half of them have some means; the others have none. Fourteen could take an active part in starting a movement of the kind, and thirty-four are so situated that they could not. Seven are trying to start a Community themselves, and about the same number are waiting, like Micawber, "for something to turn up" that has in it a soft place for them. Nine are Oneida Communists by profession. The hewers of wood and drawers of water, "who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," are not numerous among them. There are four doctors, three editors, two printers, three machinists, and one each clergyman, sculptor, painter, carpenter, clerk, shoemaker, eating-house keeper and artist. Seven are farmers, two foremen in factories, and two laborers. Several females are housekeepers.

If all those I have heard from were called into one family, they would make a second small but very active Babylon, and would fail to produce their own bread, adding another to the many failures that have been made. Among the number several might be selected, no doubt, that would be excellent members of a unitary home, were such a home established with sufficient means to enable it to give them employment.

The lesson learned from this correspondence is that if a large number of social reformers were called together, to act in a practical way for the promotion of their theories, they would be about as successful in their efforts as an army composed entirely of Brigadier Generals. The common working people are not with them, are not fitted for Communism, and do not believe

in it, and a large share of those who do are visionary theorists, who do not take a practical view of things, or deal with them in a practical way; and are destined to fail in all their efforts. I have spent four years of my life as manager of a Coöperative Unitary Home, and have visited the Shakers at Mt. Lebanon, the Respirationists at Brocton, the Perfectionists at Oneida and Wallingford, spending only a few hours at these last places, and have read the history of all the failures that have been made in the past in attempting to found associative homes, and have arrived at this conclusion: that the effort in this direction which succeeds will be established on business principles, carried on in a business way, by practical business men, and will be made to pay large dividends in money, comfort and happiness; that the attraction which will draw people to association and hold them there will be the increased amount of comfort and happiness they can obtain; that the people who come together and build up the first great and successful pioneer associative home will be common-sense people, who are governed by their reason, who are free from narrow creeds and fanatical delusions, who can tolerate the largest liberty of opinion in religion or politics, so long as a man does his duty to his fellow-men; that the material from which this association will be formed is intelligent young working people, who desire to make for themselves and their fellow-men a comfortable, happy home, which they do not at present possess; and that the means to build and establish this home will come mainly from the immense saving that associate living and working makes possible; that it will be no more a necessity that all the inmates of this home should have one religious belief than it is that the guests at a hotel or the passengers in a railway car, or the workmen in a factory should. And when one such establishment is built up and in successful operation it will be able and willing to establish branches, and encourage others in obtaining the advantages they have won for themselves. They will receive into their association all well-disposed persons who are fit for such a life, and apply for admission, without money and without price, always avoiding theorists, fanatics and those who have hobbies that they constantly ride.

All that is required to start this movement and make it one of the grandest successes of this age is money, brains, and earnest, moral, sensible working men and women. The most difficult of these to obtain is money, which is very timid and selfish. It would not touch spinning-frames, steamboats, railroads, telegraphs or coöperative stores, until it was demonstrated that they would pay, after a painful struggle and numerous failures. What has been true of these in the past will prove true of associative homes, when it is demonstrated, as it will be, that they will pay twenty-five per cent. annual dividends, and that those who do not live in such homes cannot compete in business of any kind with those who do. Capital will then rush into the movement without hesitation or much consideration, and the great danger will be that it will be pushed forward too fast.

I am glad to be able to say, in conclusion, that a number of men and women, such as I think are peculiarly fitted to help build up a pioneer establishment of this kind, are coming to us of late, and the prospect of rapid, healthy, successful growth for our home has never been so good as it is to-day.

Respectfully yours, JOEL A. H. ELLIS.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A writer in the *American Home* gives the following relation of personal experience on the "border land" of the invisible world. Exploration is now turning in that direction, and all conscientious reports of things seen, heard and felt by those who have crossed the confines of materiality and come back are interesting:

"In the summer of 1868 I was sick with bilious fever. The attending physician had given me nothing to quiet my nerves or produce sleep but a little valerian. My husband was down with the same disease, and lay upon a bed at the farther side of the room in which I was. The watchers, when the crisis came, were in an adjacent room. Suddenly, while I lay awake and suffering, all pain was suspended, and I had a peculiar sensation of extreme buoyancy—immediately following a slight sinking, when I had grasped the bed to be certain it had not crawled from under me—and a cold, benumbing feeling creeping stealthily over my physical frame, accompanied by a horror of thick, impenetrable darkness hovering like a great black cloud over my mind. I said, 'Can this be death?' The first impression was not agreeable, as there seemed to be no solidity anywhere, but all material things seemed vanishing into vapor, and it was so unlike anything I had ever felt or heard related. Then

came the thought: 'I am the Lord's; he hath redeemed me, and 'I will fear no evil, for he will lead me.' Then there came one fierce pang, as of the forcible sundering of elements closely united, when for an indefinite fraction of time the darkness wholly enveloped me, the black waves covered me, and then I was swept into the light of the 'beyond.' 'Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth;' but I felt myself in the more immediate presence of one all-powerful and kind Being, whom I named God, and near to an innumerable company of other lives.

"One great subject of wonder to me was that the 'dead' of all past time thronged the atmosphere of earth, instead of having been borne by angels, as I had been taught to think, to realms of bliss far remote; and the question occurred, 'Are these the redeemed, or the unrepentant?' As my spirit-sense became clearer, I recognized among them dear friends gone before—father, mother, brother and sister, and lesser kin, with others whom I had only read about and never seen in the flesh. I discerned a line of demarkation which separated the good and evil. The all-pervading Presence moved among them, creating harmony, and there were no collisions, no contact of good and bad; for darkness receded, divided and fled at the approach of the good.

"I appeared to be floating in ethereal waves of light and thought. 'This is certainly not the abode of evil spirits only; it is the vestibule of heaven, at least.' Human language can never adequately express the unruffled peace and joy that filled me—not wild, but just serene. It was a boundless, fathomless ocean of inexplicable content, in which my soul seemed swimming. Then to my consciousness came, from the Infinite One, the request to look back on what I had left. It was more as if I could see his desire than hear it. I beheld my body lying on the bed, as though I and it were distinctly separate organizations, recognized the seal of death enstamped upon it, saw my husband rise from his couch and listen for my breathing, and hearing no sound, creep out of bed, and steadying himself by the wall and bedside, make his way to where my body lay, look once in the still face, then, in frenzied haste, tear open my night-robe and place his hand over my heart. I saw—this term, only, expresses it—his agonized cry, the watchers' affrighted looks as they came in, and then passed before me a vision of his desolate life without me; then a panorama of my own future if I returned to life—some sorrows so intense that I wondered that mortal could live under them—and, after all, a voice in my soul, 'Can you go back and endure all this for Me?' With the two scenes side by side, the indescribable rest, the ceaseless turmoil and pain, I answered without a moment of hesitation, so strongly His love compelled me, 'As Thou wilt!' Then came the supreme agony of the re-marriage of soul and body, which was longer and more severe than that which I thought death. But I could never remember what my future was to be, as it had been revealed to me, except that, through those near to me, I should endure more than many deaths, but Christ would never forsake me. This was indelibly imprinted upon my soul. Was I dead! I cannot tell; but I know I sensibly experienced an identity unconnected with matter in a visible, tangible shape—a something that was this I in all its essential attributes, only isolated completely from gross materiality and physical suffering. The parting from the body was not felt as a loss, but as the dropping of a heavy load—a prisoner freed from chains."

HELEN FRANCES MAY.

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

Four Hindoo women have been graduated at the Madras Medical College.

There are 128 women in the different departments of Michigan University.

The new Queen of Burmah is said to be practically a believer in woman's rights, and takes a warm interest in State affairs. She is half-sister to her husband, the King.

There are over 1,300 women employed in the departments at Washington. Secretary Chase set the example by first appointing them to positions in the Treasury department in 1862.

Perhaps our legislators would not need to expend so much time and talent in making laws for the punishment of evil-doers, if they employed a little more wisdom in making good citizens from the start. It is easier, and cheaper, and wiser to educate a child to be law-abiding, than it is to reform a criminal.—*American Home*.

The annual Meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts will be held in Lowell, Jan. 30. In view of the fact that Gov. Talbot has recommended that a constitutional amendment to secure to women the right of suffrage be submitted to the people of the State for acceptance or rejection, the coming meeting of the Association is likely to be one of unusual interest.

Amongst those who were recently lost on board the steamship Emily B. Souder, was Mrs. Jane M. Cazneau, widow of the late Gen. Wm. L. Cazneau. She was a woman of remarkable ability, and during the Mexican war played an important part in some of the negotiations for peace. In later years she and Gen. Cazneau spent much time in

Jamaica and Santo Domingo, and became greatly interested in the education of the colored people, and the reconciliation of the races. They assisted in the establishment of schools. At her death she was on her way to Santo Domingo to devote the remainder of her life to the work.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: "If woman is God-appointed to be the mother of her race, she has an equal warrant to be the State-mother of the homeless; she has a like commission to share in the educational policy of State and municipality." "The State," it says, "ought to follow public opinion beyond the pupilage of experiment in this matter, treat women like men, and treat itself to the services of both, without regard to sex, but with regard to fitness and public capacity. There is no reason why there should be separate boards of women advisory to separate boards of men, any more than that there should be women's churches advisory to men's, or women's pews and men's pews, or women's theaters and men's. Have a responsible authority, its own advisor, and composed of men and women, as reason and personal fitness may dictate. There is no class of institutions in the State which might not be benefited by the participation of woman in its management, if the right woman should happen to appear; and, in the enlarging activities of the sex, the right woman is about as likely to appear as the right man."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Mexico sent us 1,294 tons of coffee last year, and Brazil sent us 109,000 tons.

A theatrical manager at Rome has dared to put a Pope on the stage in that city. It made a sensation.

The Senate has passed a pension bill that will give our veterans some \$20,000,000 in way of arrearages.

The Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, slides down hill on a toboggan, and his lady goes to market in plain clothes and thick-soled shoes.

It seems to do the women of Utah a great deal of good to talk to Mrs. Hayes about their social affairs. Same remark applies to the Women Suffrage folks.

Let us have a tariff that will be good for Germany if it isn't good for anybody else, says Bismarck. We must have more money for the Federal Treasury, anyhow.

A small convention of Northern settlers at the South has been held at Charlotte, N. C., to unite in saying that the Chivalry has "behaved pretty" to 'em since they went down to "Dixie's Land."

The Rev. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, says it is his ambition to apply a religion 6,000 years old to the present day. Why not take an older one when he is about it? And why not take the one which is not a third as old as that?

The Captain-General of Cuba is aiding in the organization of an agricultural bank at Puerto Principe. Its capital is \$1,000,000: its object is to assist in the reconstruction of the destroyed properties in the eastern part of that island.

A firm of auctioneers at Auckland, New Zealand, had been using the American flag as a sign on sales-day. The dignity of the "stars and stripes," as well as that of our consul at that place, required that symbol to come down, and it came down.

We have done a great deal to diversify our industries. Now we are going to extend our commerce—to Mexico, South America, everywhere. This is the drift of things. A commission of merchants has just gone from New Orleans to explore Mexico.

Anna E. Dickinson has come on the platform again to deliver some earnest words, straight out from the shoulder, in defense of the dignity, purity and worth of the stage. She quit the lecture field some years ago because she had nothing more to say.

When we point our finger at the West for its heresies on the financial question, the Western editor gets up and reminds us how largely we are indebted to the Western leaders for this achievement of resumption—to Sherman, to Grant, to McCulloch and to Garfield.

The English are waking up to the fact that we have the safest banking system in the world. They have found out "that the ratio of capital, reserves and undivided profits is nearly 55 per cent. in our National banks, whereas it is only 23 per cent. in the banks of Great Britain."

The Republicans will now proceed to scoop in all the credit of bringing about resumption and keep it in store for the next presidential election. G'way Sherman! g'way Democrats! we are going to keep this glory for the party and lend it to the man we set up for President in 1880.

The Pope has been saying that his church would have had everything nicely adjusted and running as quietly as heaven if it hadn't been for that pestiferous Reformation letting in schism, diabolical inequality and poverty, and Socialism, shrieking in pain, "Come to me ahims and say ye love me!"

The State Legislators will be engaged for a while in nominating their candidates for United States Senators. So far the chances of the less conspicuous politicians seem better than those of the old party leaders. If you want to get up,

keep down; and if you want to go forward, just hold back a little.

You don't need to have a heart like a great ravening mouth in the breast of you. That state of things makes a sort of devil-fish of a man, and he has to live down in the dark caves of the sea, among the red tangled sea-weeds, and there feel out with his slimy tentacles in quest of unlucky crabs and lobsters.

It is a spectacle, indeed, to see the Rev. Saint George Michael De Witt Talmage fighting the Dragon. He declares that he is going to jump on the monster with "both feet" and burst his head. It is very sad, though; very sad, to hear the reverend gentleman talk, much as we like the prospect of a good fight.

Little Thomas Murphy's "spasm of excitement" has come to an end in New York, and now he will go away awhile with the record of 25,000 pledges among his trophies. Don't believe that every one of those 25,000 men, after dragging their sleds up the moral hill, will now turn round and slide down to pot again.

Gov. Robinson, of New York, says that the State tax has been reduced since 1874 from over \$15,000,000 to less than \$8,000,000; that there is no longer any General Fund Debt, any Bounty debt, or any floating debt, and that there is good reason to hope, now that resumption is accomplished, for a period of general prosperity.

Judge Ward Hunt, of the United States Supreme Court, has been stricken with paralysis, and will have to retire from the bench. It was he who instructed some of our unincorporated Socialistic bodies to put their lands and business into the hands of a body of trustees to hold as "joint tenants, but not tenants in common."

It is all well enough to have some anti-polygamy laws, but what are you going to do about it when a pentagamous fellow is living in sweet discord with all of his five wives, and not one of them to get cantankerous and put in her rasping claim for the whole of him—including tobacco, and his little vices, and all his days in the dumps.

Here is Joseph Cook's hit at the folks who are always "on the fence"; "It is an Arabian legend that when the ostrich was told to carry a load it replied, 'I cannot, I am a bird'; and when it was told to fly it replied, 'I cannot, I am a camel.' It is also an Arabian legend that when the rats were taxed the bat said, 'I am a bird'; and when the birds were taxed the bat said, 'I am a rat.'"

Four dead Congressmen since the meeting of Congress. The ablest of them, Gustav Schleicher, a German, resident of this country since 1847 and the representative of that part of Texas on the Rio Grande. People are consequently asking, What makes Washington so unhealthy? It is intimated that our Solons go there to break the seventeen laws of health while they undertake to cooper up the laws of the country.

The Creek Delegates, who are in Washington looking out for the interests of the Indian Territory, say: "In our country there are ten Indians to every white man, and yet in the records of your own court, which has jurisdiction over us where a white man is a party, show that four-fifths of all the crimes and offenses against law, from common misdemeanors to murder, are committed by white men on Indians."

See how the bondholders "tumble to it." Two New York banks, the First National and the Continental, have subscribed for \$40,000,000 of the 4 per cent. bonds. The banks altogether have taken between \$70,000,000 and \$80,000,000 of this loan, and the Treasury in less than two weeks has been able to notify the holders of \$70,000,000 of 5-20 6 per cent. bonds that it will redeem them out of the proceeds of the sales of 4 per cents.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue certificates of deposit of the denomination of \$10, bearing interest at the rate of three per cent. per annum, and convertible at any time, with accrued interest, into the four per centum bonds. This is only another step in the work of refunding the national debt, and it will afford the laboring classes a very safe place for money keeping.

The French Assembly has met and organized. The Right, finding themselves powerless, have come to the conclusion that they would be wrong to make any show of activity. M. Borel, the Minister of War, has resigned, and the appointment of his successor is likely to be a ticklish affair. "Stand by," says "Captain Cuttle." The discontent with the late Ministerial declaration is great, and the resignation of the Ministry in a body is imminent.

Senator Davis, of West Virginia, has been reminding the Senate that this is a country of farmers, and that it is to their products that we owe the large balance of trade in our favor. In 1878 the agricultural exports of this country reached \$536,038,951, or fully three-fourths of the entire exports. If the overflowed and swampy lands of the Mississippi and other Southern rivers were reclaimed we should not need to spend a cent for foreign sugars and molasses.

One hopeful thing about France is that she is not under the lead of philosophers and doctrinaires who have the con-

ceit that they and their nation are going to instruct the whole world in the principles of true government. Gambetta, who is, somehow, too big and powerful to be anything but the great party manager and "power behind the throne," has been making a speech in which he says the business of Frenchmen is to found and maintain a government that will suit themselves. They are not responsible for other people's governments, and will do well not to trouble their heads about them.

Jackson county and Kaw township, Kansas, in which Kansas City is situated, are defaulters to the sum of \$600,000. Some time ago they issued and sold railroad bonds to that amount, and now they refuse to pay either principal or interest. Not satisfied with that achievement, they at the last session of Congress got an appropriation from the National Treasury for the erection of a new custom-house in Kansas City. Now is the time for the indignant bondholders; and so they have petitioned the Secretary to refuse to build the custom-house until those unscrupulous "jay-hawkers" provide for the payment of their lawful debts.

It is an easy thing to raise an outcry against the bondholders and moneyed classes generally, but it is plain enough to see that some of these folks think they have a hard time of it. Mr. Lamb, the New York Superintendent of Banks, tells us that during the five years ending Jan. 1, 1878, the capital of State banks subject to taxation was \$21,916,000: the total of National, State and local taxes in that time was \$4,773,867. In five years, therefore, "a sum between one-fifth and one-fourth of the capital of the State banks has been taken in taxes alone." The total annual tax in five years was nearly 22 per cent. of the capital, and the annual average more than 4 per cent.

Frederick Harrison, the Positivist, has estimated that in the choice of books for constant use, the authors represented need not number more than one or two hundred in the four departments of poetry, history, science and religion. Get "the greatest and best in each department." As to which are the best hundred or so books the world has long been pretty well agreed. Now that is a little discouraging to you fellows who want to let fly at the problem of life and stick your arrows a little nearer the "bull's eye" than any other thinker before you. Who paid Fred. to boost the dealers in old standard books? That is what he is doing, and in the interest of Comte, too, no doubt.

Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, of New York, has been lecturing the Young Men's Christian Association on "A Jaded Head." "The early symptoms of the malady," says he, "is discomfort during headwork in the back of the head and in the upper part of the spinal region. Happy is the man who meets this symptom with rest, and seeks in sunlight and fresh air some fresh investments for his nervous system and drops every habit that does not do him positive good. If he takes to artificial stimulants for relief he will begin a career which sooner or later will place him among the incurables or bring him to an untimely end. Alcohol and all sleep-producing drugs are dangerous in the highest degree, for they mask the malady without curing it. No organ in the human body is so abused as the brain, and no organ is so well fitted for daily use."

General Stewart marched through Kandahar on the 8th instant and encamped a little beyond. Supplies are plenty, and the people appear to be friendly. The British soldiers in the Peshawar and Kurum columns have gone into winter quarters and will now proceed to dry their feet, mend their clothes and make themselves as comfortable as possible. The sovereignty vested in the Ameer, and afterwards in his son Yakoob Khan, has melted down, and the English are engaged in scraping it up. Sir Samuel Browne, the British general, has had a meeting of the local chiefs around Jelalabad, and their leading Khan expressed his satisfaction with the change. In the spring we may look to see the British engineers pushing on and picking out the strong places for a new frontier, and when that is done we may expect to see Indian traders crowding in to get the best corner lots, and we can all say that the world has somehow gone forward.

Those "aboriginal natives" who, for the sake of preserving their tribal organizations, consented years ago to leave the Gulf States and accept the Indian Territory as their home, are a good deal excited at the prospect of having their treaties with the United States set aside and having their country reorganized to suit the railway companies lobbying in Congress. These people have been peaceful and thriving in their way; they have herds and schools, and it is not they who commit all the murders in that Territory. We don't see what pressing need there is to interfere with their tribal Communism. Why not let it stand and see if we cannot gradually aid it and embellish it with all the modern conveniences of education, science and machinery? There might then be one place in the country where a man is not racked with the strain that is put on him by trying to go it alone, and hold his own.

Speaking of the delineations of human nature that we see on the stage, Anna Dickinson said in her lecture at Chickering Hall in New York City, the other night: "People don't dare to face the truth of the relations of men and women.

They don't dare to come face to face with the tides that are deeper and stronger than all the seas. They try to shut it up and lock it away and put a mask on it. They say, 'So things should be and so they are,' and they walk with quivering steps over the hollow crater of the volcano with every breath they speak, and they know it. The one place in the world that gathers up these things and cries toward the universe, 'You ignore me, but I am here,' is the stage. And against all the cry of immorality, I hope the stage will stick to its point, and show the lives of men and women, not as people say they are, but as they really are, until thought and conscience are gathered together to try to find a solution of a great many painful problems. No one denies that the stage has tremendous power."

"Stash your gab." That is what Bismarck, that Herculean invalid over there in Deutschland, is going to say to his Reichstag. He has outlined a bill which he will introduce at the coming session of the German Parliament making words spoken in debate tryable and punishable by a Commission composed of two Vice-Presidents and ten members of the Reichstag, who meet at the order of the President or on motion of twenty members. A member convicted by this tribunal of using improper language would be liable to public reproof, or to be called on for a public apology, or to be suspended, and, if the suspension were for an entire term, to be made ineligible for reelection; and these penalties would not preclude prosecution before the ordinary courts. This is intended to be a stopper on the mouths of that small number of Socialists who are yet in the Reichstag and might say things that are not allowed in the press nor in the club-rooms. The prevailing impression is that Bismarck will win and that some such law will be passed. All which shows that Germany, with its beer and music and whirling waltzes, with all its mysticism and rationalism and science and Protestantism, is not America; no, not at all! If we could have had such a law as that thirty years ago we could have quenched the abolitionists and prevented the war of the rebellion, prevented the liberation of the slaves, prevented the creation of an immense national debt, prevented the growth of the best banking system in the world, prevented, in fact, a great deal that makes for progress and a clean national conscience.

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